Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives have edges,
And men may sleepe and have their throates about them
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

Bar. Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll* and thee friends. What a plague should we carry knives to cut our owne throates.

Nim. Ifaith ile live as long as I may, that's the certaine of it. And when I cannot live any longer, Ile do as I may,
And there's my rest, and the randevous of it.

Enter Pistoll, and Hostes Quickly his wife.

Bar. Good morrow ancient *Pistoll*.
heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

Nim. How do you my host?

Pist. Base slave, call'st thou me host?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Host. No by my troth not I,
For we cannot bed nor board halfe a score gentlewomen
That live honestly by the pricke of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord, heere's Corporall *Nim*, now shall
We have wilfull adultery and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword. *Nim.* Push.

Pist. What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus
In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,
And *Pistols* flashing fiery cocke is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniure me;
I have an humor *Pistoll* to knocke you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*,
Ile scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.

If

If you will walke off a little,
Ile pricke your guts a little in good termes,
And there's the humor of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious
The graue doth gape, and groaning death is
Therefore exall. *They dr*

Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blo
Ile kill him, as I am a Souldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury sha

Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or ano
In faire termes: and there's the humor of it.

Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defi
A damned hound, think'st thou my spouse to
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch foorth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espou
I have, and I will hold, the quandom quickly
For the onely she and Paco, there it is enoug

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes, you must come straight to my
And you host *Pistoll*.
Good *Bardolfe* put thy nose betweene the sh
And do the office of a warning pan.

Host. By my troth hee'l yeeld the Crow a pu
these dayes.
Ile go to him, husband you'l come?

Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.

Nim, prethee be friends, and if thou wilt not
Be enemies with me too.

Ni. I shal have my eight shillings I won of y

Pist. Base is the slave that payes.

Ni. That now I will have, and there's the h

Pist. As manhood shall compound.

Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword.

Pi. Sword is an oath, and oathes must have